

710

FLOWER

OF
THE JACOBINS.

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[*Entered at Stationers Hall,*]



FLOWER
OF
THE JACOBINS,
CONTAINING *the*
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
THE CHARACTERS
AT PRESENT AT
THE HEAD OF AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.
DEDICATED TO
LEWIS THE SIXTEENTH,
KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.
Ec. Ec. Ec.

—Now by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time. SHAKSP.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND SOLD BY J. OWEN, NO. 168, PICCADILLY; AND H. D. SYMONDS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1793.

FLOWER

THE JACOBIUS

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

THE CHARACTERS

ATTEMPT AT

THE HEAD OF AFFAIRS IN FRANCE

INDICATED TO

LEWIS THE SIXTEENTH

AND OF THE



SHANE

THIRD EDITION

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1793

TO

LEWIS THE SIXTEENTH,

KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE,

&c. &c. &c.

Je l'aimois tout puissant, malheureux je l'adore.

ROYOU.

SIRE,

WILL you permit a foreigner, whose only merit is a loyal heart, to intrude on the solitude of your prison, and moisten with his tears the chains he has not, alas ! the power to dissolve. Was your Majesty seated on the splendid throne of the Bourbons, once the asylum of Kings, interest and ambition

ambition might lead me to its feet ; but no
 fordid views can actuate me, in this awful
 day, when the bosom, which heaves a sigh
 for your fate, is exposed to the steel of as-
 sassins.

Covered with the garb of royalty, the
 dazzling and imposing qualities of the Sove-
 reign were lost in the more precious virtues
 of the man : a prisoner, and led before a sa-
 crilegious tribunal, we contemplate in you
 all the dignity of majesty, the heroic fortitude
 of innocence. The efforts of rebels and mis-
 creants to vilify and debase you, have tended
 to exalt and illustrate your character. Eu-
 rope is at present penetrated with love for
 your virtues ; and the pen of the historian
 will transmit them to the esteem and admi-
 ration of posterity. Happy, happy should I
 be, did I feel myself adequate to that task.
 But I trust, that by representing your per-
 secutors (I tremble when I pronounce the
 word assassins) in their true colours, I shall
 prove

prove to the public the extent of your misfortunes, and the injustice of your fate.

Sire, in the purity of your intentions, and from the exercise of all civil and religious duties, you feel consolation in your calamity; and though the torrent of rebellion and triumphant iniquity overwhelms at present the voice of reason and virtue, there are many loyal hearts who mingle their tears with those of

THE AUTHOR.

prove to the public the extent of your mis-
fortune, and the injustice of your fate.

Give, in the purity of your intentions, and
from the example of all civil and religious
heroes, you feel consolation in your calamity;
and though the torrent of rebellion and in-
famous injury overwhelm at present the
love of reason and virtue, there are many
loyal hearts whose tears will
wash of

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THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Révolution which has taken place in the civil and religious government of France, constitutes the most memorable and interesting epoch in the history of mankind. Government has, in every age, experienced many changes, and assumed various forms; but never before was an attempt made to subvert the order and harmony of society, and to plunge man into the forlorn state of nature. Religion, whether degraded by polytheism and paganism, or ennobled by the precepts of Christianity, has always had an influence on the minds of man: some men have appeared, who have had the arrogance to combat revelation, and to profess deism, but

but never before was this licentiousness carried to the delirium of atheism, which deprives man of the consolation the idea of immortality offers, and reduces the reasonable inhabitants of the earth to a level with its brute tenants.

France, groaning under many abuses, and sinking under the heavy load of ministerial despotism, and tyrannical taxes, sent forth the bitter moan of agony. Her cries were heard, and every class of citizens, every order of government, united to redress her wrongs. The King—and never did a King more deserve the respect and love of his subjects; for never did a King appear more noble or more amiable: the father of his people invited his children to meet and to consult on their situation, to pour their grievances into the bosom of a parent; and whatever sacrifice was necessary for the happiness of his people, would become grateful to the feelings of the Sovereign. The nobles, renouncing all odious exemptions, all exclusive privileges, generously

rously came forward to share with the people their burthens. The clergy, exercising the most noble of Christian virtues, that of patriotism, made an offer of a sum to alleviate the public distress, exceeding tenfold, what has arisen from the robbery committed on their property, and the sale of their lands. The great mass of the people, animated with one impulse, elected deputies to be the organs of their wants and wishes, and instructing them how far these extended to, entrusted to their wisdom and to their integrity their dearest interests. Here, then, was a golden opportunity of becoming free, great, and happy ! Here was an opportunity of making the Revolution, what Mr. Fox rashly pronounced it to be, “ the greatest event, for the happiness of mankind, that ever took place since the creation of the universe.” The great, the important day arrived : the eyes of all Europe were fixed with attention and anxiety on that unhappy country : every citizen of the world felt a generous interest in

the cause: every heart of philanthropy beat with glorious expectation; but, lo! the cruel disappointment! the representatives of the people, becoming traitors to their Sovereign and to the nation, broke the sceptre they ought to have strengthened, and left the King a captive on his throne: they annihilated one order of the state: they seized, with sacrilegious hands, on the property of the clergy; and, becoming perjurers to their constituents, they usurped a power expressly denied them by the people, and appointed themselves legislators. Thus the day meant to crown France with glory, covered it with opprobrium: the day which might have established its happiness and peace, laid the foundation of its misery and ruin: the day Frenchmen expected to be the Jubilee of Liberty and Patriotism, became that of the triumph of oppression and rebellion. In this total overthrow of the constitution, many imagined they only beheld the fall of despotism; and considering the excesses of the rabble as the natural effects

fects of the popular effervescence of the moment, lent their aid to forge the chains in which France is at present bound, and thus became the architects of its destruction.

The preachers of the new philosophy found the time most favorable for the establishment of their system. Under the specious names of liberty and toleration, they could sap the throne of Cæsar, and overset the altar of the Deity. The first assembly contained within its walls many virtuous patriots, who formed a phalanx to combat and resist the evil designs of the perjured majority. The eloquence of a Maury, the logic of a Cazelés, though not able to stem the torrent, yet obstructed its course. The great Mirabeau himself, the pilot of the Revolution, inclining to monarchy, seemed desirous to steer in a placid and temperate current. The republican faction thought it therefore necessary to use their most strenuous exertions for the execution of their projects. With this view, they formed the club,

too fatally known by the name of the Jacobin Club, and in which none were admitted but the most *determined Levellers*. Similar meetings were established in all the great towns, and their emissaries covered the whole nation. Men were distributed in every corner of the capital to disseminate sedition and impiety: and rushing into the very senate, they overpowered, with clamour and menaces, the voice of justice, religion, and patriotism. That shadow of an Assembly (which succeeded to the one called Constituent), the *barebones Parliament* of France, was no more than the echo of this Jacobin Club. All motions were first framed, agitated, and decided on in the club, and then were sent, for ceremony-sake, to the Assembly, to pass through the mockery of its consent. In that inglorious day, when their Monarch, Lewis the Sixteenth, whom the Constituent Assembly had declared King of the French, was under the necessity of flying from his palace, assailed by armed ruffians, and to
 seek

seek for safety in the bosom of the Assembly, listening to the dictates of fear, they delivered him into the hands of his enemies. Resigning all power to the Jacobins, they condemned themselves to dissolution, and put a period to their infamous and contemptible existence. A pretended National Convention was summoned, which, being chosen during the reign of anarchy, is entirely composed of Jacobins, whose satellites had awed the state with massacres. By these means has France been reduced under the government of its present usurpers, and rebellion and atheism flourish in that unhappy country; an acquaintance, therefore, with the leaders of this distinguished club cannot be uninteresting either to the politician or to the man. I have been further induced to undertake this task, from the fond hope that it may not be totally unprofitable to my countrymen! A class of restless and factious men exists, who not only wish to represent the conduct of the Jacobins as worthy of praise, but even of imitation.

tion. Convinced of the danger and pernicious tendency of their principles, I think it the duty of every citizen to prevent, as far as he is able, their effects. This object, I flatter myself, will be, in some small degree, promoted, by exposing in their true lights the men held up to us for models. Mr. Paine tells us, that only men who share the public spoils are interested for the preservation of the present system; let us see with what views those men are actuated who conspire its overthrow.

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I aspire not to literary fame; the shafts of criticism will therefore fly unheeded. But though I court not favour, I have not the affectation to despise it. If I may be allowed the merit of an honest endeavour, to discriminate between the rational rights of man and the wild theories of equality; to inculcate principles conducive to good order and the happiness of mankind, the warmest pursuit of my heart will then be gratified, and the summit of my ambition attained.

MONSIEUR

FLOWER OF THE JACOBINS.

MONSIEUR ÉGALITÉ.

*Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that, the multiplying villanies of
Nature do swarm upon him.*

AS virtue when it gilds the humble walks of
life appears more amiable and interesting, so
vice appears more hideous from the contrast, when
it sullies and disgraces the elevated stations. His-
tory has consigned many monsters of cruelty and
licentiousness to our horror and detestation; but
it was reserved to our days to furnish the world
with a character on which all the vices of the hu-
man heart are heaped, without the shadow of a
single virtue; and this character is to be found in
a late Christian and civilized country, adding dig-
nity to the elegant person of Mons. Egalité. A
bad son, a bad father, a bad husband, a bad friend,
a bad citizen, without one virtue of the heart to
conciliate our love or esteem: he has neither ge-

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nius,

nius, fortitude, or one quality of the mind, to claim our admiration. A debauchee, without feeling the passion of love ; prodigal without generosity ; ambitious without courage ; the mind revolts from the sight of this horrid caricature ! And yet, how incomprehensible are the decrees of Providence !

This man had within his grasp greater blessings than the most righteous man would dare to ask for. The cup, over-running with bliss and greatness, was presented to his lips, and he dashed it with scorn away. Possessed of riches, which, by relieving struggling worth, would have procured him the love and prayers of honesty, he has, by converting them into the means of seduction, brought on his head the curses of ruined innocence and of weeping parents. Enjoying the greatest power in the state, he might have used its influence to have saved his country ; but he erected the standard of rebellion, and worked the destruction of his king, to whose throne his ambition beckoned him, but from which his pusillanimity repelled him ; united to the most virtuous and most amiable of women, happiness courted him home, but he flew from the chaste arms of love and virtue to the prostituted embraces of infamy and debauchery ; born to have been beloved, happy, great, and virtuous, he chose to be hated, miserable,

miserable, despised, and criminal. In the earliest part of his life, he chose for his associates a Biron, a du Clos, a Sillery, and the most notorious characters of the age for debauchery and irreligion.

He soon outstripped them all in the glorious course, and left the most experienced at a distance. To lead ingenuous youth from the paths of virtue into the road of vice, to triumph in the ruin of innocence, is a refinement on wickedness, which, I imagined, could be gratifying only to the malice of the great tempter of mankind. It was, however, a satisfaction flattering to the ambition, and delightful to the heart of *Monf. Egalité*. Historical justice forces me to unfold a tale; the horror of which harrows my soul. His brother-in-law, son to the Duke of Penthièvre, was endowed with principles of virtue and religion, which were nourished and strengthened by the piety and example of his parents. Early in life he was united in wedlock to the late unfortunate Princess de Lamballe; but the tenderness of their ages did not permit them to live together. On his demise, the great estates he was to inherit from his father devolved on the *ci-devant Duc d'Orleans*, in right of his wife. Here then was an object worthy the cupidity of this monster; and all his arts were employed, alas! too successfully, to crop this flower ere it blossomed! The young Prince de Lamballe, not

as yet in his fifteenth year, baffled for a time all the allurements of his tempter; but the cruel fiend found him in a weak unguarded moment, and presented to his passion the form of beauty. The unhappy youth imbibed, from the charms his generous friend had procured him, a loathsome distemper; and the same friend having sent to his assistance his own physician, the young Prince in a few days fell a victim, as was generally imagined, to avarice.

The cruel destiny of a youth universally beloved and esteemed, the tears of a virgin widow, excited the compassion, and enkindled the indignation of all who were acquainted with the history. The poignards of hired assassins have freed *Monf. Egalité* from the constant reproach the unfortunate *Princess de Lamballe*, living, offended him with; but the waters of *Lethe* cannot wash out the damned spot. The implacable hatred which he has manifested against his king, and the virulence with which he has joined the savage persecutors of his queen, are not to be solely ascribed to his aspiring ambition. When the beautiful *Marie Antoinette* was yet *Dauphiness of France*, and shining in the splendour of united attractions, our gallant made a proffer to her of his person. Oh, monstrous thought, more mad than his ambition! I do not pretend to enter the lists as the knight of
this

this injured beauty; but whatever impeachment may be affixed on her conjugal fidelity, she rejected with contempt the odious love of this degraded libertine, and even reported it to her husband, who upbraided his cousin with his baseness; hence his resentment, hence his rebellion. Having raised a considerable loan in Holland for the accomplishment of his views, it is a matter of notoriety, that the great Revolution of 1789, was brought to maturity by the distribution of his treasures. It was with his money that his army was corrupted; with his money the people were inflamed to revolt; with his money all the agents of the rebellion were supplied. The first blow being struck with success, he had not the courage to ascend the height he looked up to with desire and with envy. If his cowardice had not been still stronger than his wickedness, I believe there is but little room to doubt, but what France, instead of being ruled by a Convention of Tyrants, would have been governed by a single Heliogabalus. But he dared not what he would: and, on the 6th of October, 1789, when a hired and directed populace assaulted the palace of Versailles in the dreary hour of night, he was trembling in disguise, and pointed to the mob the secret passages leading to the apartments of the Royal Family.

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That night would in all probability have proved the term of the sufferings of Louis and his unfortunate family, if the loyalty and valour of some of the Gardes du Corps had not, by the generous sacrifice of their lives, afforded them time to save themselves from the criminal attempt. This conspiracy having proved abortive, from the cowardice of Monsieur Egalité, he became the object of indignation to all virtuous citizens, and of contempt to those of his own faction. His injured monarch, before whose presence he had the audacity to appear, struck him a blow in public; and Mirabeau, with curses on a man whom he described as always holding a pistol loaded with crime, and cocked, without daring to pull the trigger, (*D'Orleans bande toujours le crime mais il n'ose pas le tirer*) abandoned him to his sordid fate. Ruined in his finances, hated and despised, he sought for shelter in this island: but guilt and shame pursued him; and the disdain with which he was received by all ranks of people, and even by his former associates, affords us the consolatory reflection, that though many errors may have clouded the dawn of a life Englishmen look to with anxiety, yet the love of virtue is still predominant, and promises to cheer and illumine its future course: it creates in our bosoms the comfortable thought, that whatever political difference of sentiment or views agitates the senate, and divides the people, rebellion is universally

fally odious : and there is a fund of public virtue and of sense in this nation to baffle the attacks of interested demagogues, and to render vain and impotent the attempts of English Jacobins.

The virtuous daughter of the Duke de Penthièvre had long suffered, in silent grief, the insults which a man so unworthy of her merits had heaped upon her ; but during the course of last Winter she was legally separated from him. In the education of her children she had found some consolation in her distresses ; but the cruel father tore from her embraces a darling daughter, whose company enlivened the gloom of her solitude. To add still more poignancy to the separation, he sent her to this country, under the care of a certain Madame S——y, the wife of a noted Jacobin, and who endeavours to inculcate these principles in the tender bosom of her pupil.

It is only since the revolution of last September that this venerable character has assumed the name of Egalité. Happy man, if in renouncing his title he had renounced the crimes with which he has so long stained and disgraced it. But ceasing to be a Prince, he still remains a v—— ; and at present literally appears in that character in which he was represented by one of his countrymen on his

his return to Paris, after his memorable naval exploits under Monf. d'Orvilliers.

*Poltron sur terre, poltron sur mer,
Prince nulle part & polisson par tout.*

Since the opening of the National Convention, he has furnished us with two further instances of the most revolting cruelty, and of the most hardened depravity. In his speech to the National Convention, to induce them to exempt his daughter from the decree against the emigrants, he alledged as one reason for his sending her out of France, his fear of the influence of her mother, whose principles were anti-constitutional; and thereby denouncing the principles of his wife, he exposed her to the murdering rage of Jacobin assassins. He however, unthinkingly, has done justice to this amiable and unfortunate woman; for in declaring to the world that her principles were opposite to his own, he has paid a due tribute to her virtues, and conferred the most unequivocal eulogium on her character.

On that day, "a day which shall stand aye accursed in the calendar," in which the anointed King of the French nation was dragged from his prison by his people, and led before an impious tribunal; those of the French who most thirsted for the blood of their Sovereign collected themselves

selves in a body called the *Mountain*, and seated in a distinct part of the assembly, vociferated for immediate judgment, determined to pursue their unhappy Monarch unto death—when any member declared, that he saw no room for accusation, the sentence was stifled in the cry which resounded from the *Mountain*, “TOLLE CRUCIFIGE.”

Amidst this *holy* crowd sat Monsieur Egalité, animating its fury. But the punishment which he had so long merited, seemed ready to overtake him; and a decree actually passed the National Convention, banishing him and all his family from the territories of the French Republic, the only land in which he can shew his guilty head. This decree was however reversed by the predominant influence of Monsieur Marat and the *Mountain*, who, imagining the Convention wished to appease them with the sacrifice of a Barrabas, have chosen him in preference to their innocent King. But when this victim is disposed of, this sentence will in all probability pass. Monsieur Egalité then, become the outcast of society, like Cain, a vagabond upon earth, with the hand of God and the hand of man against him, will exhibit an awful monument of Divine vengeance. He will then feel all the pangs of fruitless guilt, may he likewise feel those of salutary remorse; and acknowledging the

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hand

hand that smites him, exclaim with the dying
atheist,

Grand Dieu ! tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité,

Tu prends toujours plaisir à nous être propice ;

Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté,

Ne me pardonnera sans blesser ta justice.

Oui, Seigneur ! la grandeur de mon impiété

Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice :

Ta justice s'oppose à ma félicité,

Et ta clemence même attend que je périsse.

Frappe, tonne il est temps.

DESBARREAUX.

MONS.

[11]

MONS. PETION.

What bloody scene has Roscius now to act.

EVERY rebel who has convulsed the state, and whose atrocious deeds have astonished mankind, has been represented as an Oliver Cromwell. An examination of the features of that phenomenon must convince us, how few of his copyists have approached the original. Was I to presume to point out the man whose resemblance was the most striking, I should name Mirabeau. The activity of his mind, the sublimity of his genius, laid the foundation of the French Revolution, and would, in all probability, have reared the fabric. His intuitive capacity foresaw the absurdity of stamping a republican form of government on the extensive country of France; and his view seems to have been by correcting the abuses of the state, without plunging it into anarchy; by annihilating despotism, without abolishing monarchy; to have established a temperate government, the most likely to insure the happiness of the governed. In boldness of enterprise, and in promptitude of execution, he was equal to Oliver Cromwell; and if fate had not stopt him in his career, his talents might

have arrested the downfall of his country, and have restored its pristine splendor. The comparison between these two wonderful men, I, however, confine to their political sagacity; in some features which strongly characterized our English Regicide, we shall find a most perfect resemblance in the portrait of the first illustrious president of the French Convention. That profound hypocrisy, that unrelenting cruelty, that innate hatred for monarchy, that lust for despotic sway, all these dæmons who haunted the breast of the former, are settled in the heart of this gloomy republican. Never was there so strict a similarity of dispositions; and under both their portraits, we might inscribe with justice these words of Juvenal:

Mel in ore verba lactis.

Fel in corde, fraus in factis.

Though the outlines so perfectly coincide, yet, I trust, some prominent traits will be wanting to complete the likeness; the leading of an unfortunate monarch to the block, the becoming the oppressor of his country, and terminating an odious and criminal life in his bed, these traits which finish the picture of Oliver, will, I devoutly wish, be omitted in that of his worthy rival. I do not presume to impose my opinion on the publick; as, therefore, the picture of the assassin of Charles the First is in the possession of every one, I shall exhibit

exhibit in faithful colours that of the scourge of France, and leave it to more able connoisseurs to decide on the similitude.

The first years of Monsr. Petion's life were passed in the practice of the honourable functions of the lowest class of attornies. Moving in so humble a sphere, his talents were circumscribed, and few individuals reaped those benefits from his genius which he has lately extended to all his fellow-citizens. When Lewis XVI. listening to the complaints of his subjects, called together the representatives of the people, to concert with them a remedy for their wants, this hypocrite, with well managed art, insinuated himself into the favour of the clergy, and was by their influence returned to the first National Assembly, as member for Chartres. The adder fixed his sting in the bosom that fostered him. The unrelenting animosity with which he has fanned the exterminating fury of a four years persecution against this class of citizens, is a standing monument of his gratitude, and the massacre of so many thousands of these unfortunate men, which during his mayoralty he connived at, and even fomented, has inscribed on it, in bloody characters, the generous qualities of his heart.

In the first National Assembly, which, notwithstanding the perjury of the majority, contained
many

many political luminaries; many individuals of virtuous principles and sublime genius, *Monf. Petion* was no ways conspicuous. To raise himself from the obscurity in which he grovelled, he assumed the character of a violent republican, and associating himself with *Robespierre*, shone for some time with a borrowed light. After the King was stopped at *Varennes*, and conducted back to *Paris*, this vehement democrat was nearly metamorphosed into a courtier, and he himself pointed out to the court the place of the Mayor of *Paris*, as possessing sufficient magic to operate the miracle. But *Fayette*, who at that time governed the councils, and secretly ambitioned the place of Mayor for himself, offered him any indemnification to abandon his pretensions. Convinced of the superior popularity of *Fayette*, little doubt can be entertained but what he would have accepted of the proffered terms, when the moment arrived which presented an opportunity, by the embracing of which, he could, independent of the court, seat himself in the place he aspired to. The event I allude to is the division which took place in the *Jacobin Club*, and the subsequent secession of *Monf. Barnave*, the *Lameths*, and other leading members.

In consequence of this separation, *Monf. Petion* was left the ruler of an association of men, who, destitute of property and of character, were prepared for

for the execution of any desperate mischief which their Cataline should dictate to them. As the number of active citizens in this famous club did not amount to 2,000, which was a very small proportion to 100,000, which Paris contains, and who of course had a right to the election of Mayor, the most strenuous exertions of Monsr. Petion's friends were necessary to effect his purpose, and in this instance they gave that demonstration of their zeal and abilities, which, on every future occasion, they have manifested. On the first day of the election, they dispersed chosen bands of seditious furies through all the sections, who vociferated curses and menaces against any one who should vote for Fayette. Many peaceable inhabitants were intimidated, and out of 100,000 only 9,500 gave their votes, of which 4,000 were for Fayette, and 5,500 for Petion.

By these means he was declared Mayor of Paris, and placed his foot on the first step of the ladder by which he aspires to mount to the protectorship of this new-born republic. It may not be amiss to call to the remembrance of our readers, that the time which this great character passed in this island was that which elapsed after he had concerted his measures with his friends in Paris until this election. During his residence here, he honoured some gentlemen with his friendship, and the Revolution

volution Society with his presence. If this obnoxious planet has left any infection in this country, I hope the scenes of horror and blood, which, during his reign, have stained France, will operate as an antidote to the poisonous effects of his visit.

Finding himself now Mayor of Paris, he looked forward with exultation to the accomplishment of the diabolical scheme which his villany had long meditated. In the execution of his plan he proceeded with the cool deliberation of the most consummate hypocrite. He did not lead the rabble to murder and pillage; but by conniving at their excesses, by withholding from plunderers and assassins the rod intrusted to his hands, he raised the insolence and fury of the mob to the pitch which he thought necessary for the success of his enterprize. The first essay he made was on the 20th of last June; the horrors of that day are still fresh in the memory of every one, and my heart would recoil at the repetition of them. But the throne had been polluted, not overthrown; the sacred features of majesty had been disfigured, not effaced; the anointed monarch had been insulted and reviled, not exterminated. Something was therefore still wanting to compleat the triumph of the regicides; and for this purpose Monsr. Petion summoned the banditti from Marseilles and Brest to Paris, in direct opposition to the orders of the National Assembly,

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The eve of the ever-memorable 10th of August (an indelible spot in the page of the History of France), the King, alarmed at the crowds which surrounded the Thuilleries, sent for the trusty guardian of the laws, and imparted to him his apprehensions; but the hypocrite assured him that he could answer for the peaceable dispositions of the people, and the respect they had for the laws. The monarch, tranquilized by his assurances, yielded himself to unsuspecting repose, while the traitor, whose duty it was to have watched over it, was mixing the bitter potion which was next day administered to him. As it is not my intention to write the history of that day, so disgraceful to humanity, I shall only touch upon the part our hero acted in the fatal tragedy. When the preceding evening he was ascending to the King's apartments, he told the surrounding mob that he had been sent for as an hostage, and not therefore to be surprised if they did not see him return. In order that the mischief he had thus set on foot might work with success, he returned from the palace by a back stair-case, and reached his home unperceived. The next day, having concerted his plan with Brissot, Chabot, and Merlin, he permitted himself to be arrested by another mob, while the report of his being assassinated by the Swiss Guards was industriously spread among the people. This manœuvre answered two purposes; it served to

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inflamm

inflammé le mob, and afforded him an excuse for not attempting to stem the overwhelming torrent. We confess his ingenuity was always great; and we well remember, that when the mob was busy in pillaging a magazine of sugar belonging to a merchant in the Fauxbourg St. Marceau, who had voted for La Fayette, this vigilant magistrate was employed with the National Guards in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, in separating two men who were quarrelling for a horse, the property of an Aristocrat. But the day approached to crown his most sanguine wishes. The conducting of an unfortunate monarch and his royal family to a prison, the exposing them to the impious derision of an insolent rabble, the power of insulting fallen greatness, afforded a delicious feast to the ferocious and callous heart of this cruel republican. A people, exasperated by the artful machinations of designing demagogues, taught by incendiaries to consider their sovereign as their natural enemy, and as the author of the calamities which threaten them, may plead their ignorance as some plea for the excesses of their rage; and the righteous may, without offending the justice of the Deity, petition his clemency for these wretches who know not what they do: but what excuse can the regicides offer to avert the curse they have themselves invoked upon their heads. Since the confinement of the royal family, every outrage which could aggravate

gravate the uncommon cruelty of their lot, every thing which could add fresh tortures to the poignancy of their distress, has been applied by their savage gaoler. Deprived of their attendants, whose soothing friendship might brighten the dark scene of adversity, constrained to fix their eyes on the mangled bodies of their massacred friends, we might have imagined that every feeling had been sufficiently put to the rack ; but this amiable man suggested a new trial, which I challenge any one to match in all the annals of tyranny. The descendant of St. Lewis, attached to the religion, which his ancestors had so long followed, wished to practise the duties it imposed on him, and applied for fish on a Friday, but he was answered, that the Mayor had given his orders not to pay any observance to days, but to serve him on Fridays the same as upon other days.

After the meeting of the convention, this demagogue, fearful of the banditties himself had raised, used all his endeavours to crush Robespierre and Marat, the great rulers of the mob. He now inveighs against faction and sedition ; but his hypocrisy cannot avail him. If an affected tone of moderation begin to render the impressions made by the horrors of his mayoralty more feeble ; we read the judgment he has delivered on the fate of his sovereign, and the mask drops ; we behold in

him more discretion, more ability than in Robespierre or Marat; we cannot discover more virtue or more justice. The sentence he pronounced was **GUILTY — DEATH.** — The measure of his crimes is then full, but divine vengeance, though often slow, is always sure. Iniquity may triumph for a time, but our faith would be staggered, did it remain unpunished. The cause of rebellion and of atheism has hitherto been crowned with the most unaccountable success. Events the most improbable have taken place, and all the calculations of human wisdom have been frustrated; but who can fathom the decrees of Providence? Who dares to penetrate through its labyrinths? I see guilt at present exult, but I still acknowledge the divine attribute of justice, I still confide in its operations, I still know that

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Peut aussi des méchants arrêter les complots.

I do not mean to become the panegyrist of Mirabeau—I speak of him as a politician; and the tribute paid to his genius, candour cannot deny. He foresaw the mischief brewing in the club of Jacobins, and warned his country of its danger. Whether he was actuated by interested motives in support of the reasonable rights of the crown, or whether

he

he was sincere in his professions of attachment to the constitution, I do not pretend to scrutinize—of his private life I am silent; when an exposition of private vices is not beneficial to mankind, my heart dictates to me to draw a veil over them. He has been arraigned before a tribunal we shall all one day be summoned to, and who dares pronounce his judgment?

IN a country where the rights of man are predominant, we cannot be surprised that a man, who before these rights were established, had been exposed himself to imminent danger by the exercise of them, should become the object of popular favour. It may, however, be an interesting object of speculation to the moralist, to trace the caprices of fortune, and observe this honest man, once elevated in a sportive humour, some men to power and influence for actions, for the perpetration of which, in a more moderate temper, the condemnations of the world would have been sufficient. The modern philosopher, who considers virtue as a mere habit, and the horror inspired by crime as the result of unenlightened and selfish passions, may find fault with the judgment of the multitude, that it is one country the father of what is called morality, and another the mother of what is called immorality.

MONSIEUR

MONSIEUR BRISSOT.

*The little villains must submit to fate,
While great ones rule the world in state.*

IN a country where the system of equality, founded on the rights of man, is predominant, we cannot be surpris'd that a man, who, before these rights were established, frequently expos'd himself to imminent danger by the exercise of them, should become the object of popular favour. It may, however, be an entertaining object of speculation to the moralist to trace the caprices of fortune, and observe this frolicksome queen, elevating in a sportive humour, some men to power and opulence for actions, for the perpetration of which, in a more morose temper, she condemns other individuals to condign punishment. The modern philosopher, who considers virtue as a mere shadow, and the horror inspired by crimes, as the prejudice of unenlighten'd and enfeebled minds, may support his assertion by the argument, that if in one country the breaches of what is called morality, are stigmatized and punished, in another they meet with honour

honour and reward. This argument may be illustrated by the example of Mons. Brissot. As I have not, however, acquired sufficient light to confound right with wrong, nor am endowed with sufficient strength of mind to doff the shackles of a religious education, I shall not attempt to justify or palliate the actions of my hero, but having acquitted myself of my duty, as a faithful historian, consign him, without any comment, to the indulgence of my readers.

Mons. Brissot, known before the Revolution by the name of Brissot de Warville, entered upon the stage of public life in England as the confidant and companion of the unfortunate La Motte, who was executed during last war as a spy. Fate preserved Warville for more renowned exploits. Absence of mind is a failing incident to men of great genius, and Mons. Brissot was so subject to it, that he frequently mistook his neighbour's pockets for his own. This singularity exposed him to the pursuits of the police officers, and obliged him to retire from a country, in which, contrary to his principles, property is protected, and the invaders of it prosecuted. He next visited Switzerland, and commenced author by the publication of two celebrated pamphlets, namely, *Theorie du Vol*, and *Apologie du Vol*. But wishing to reduce his theory into practice; and not finding the Swiss satisfied with his

his apology, he quitted a soil, which did not promise an abundant harvest, and came to Paris in the year 1779. Discouraged by the ill success he had met with in the profession he had hitherto followed, he offered his services to *Monf. le Noir**, the then minister of the police, and was registered at his office for a pension of 8000 livres a year. From the knowledge he had acquired of the English language, the French ministry judged he might be useful to them in America, and sent him there in the dignified character of a spy. Acquiring, by the recommendation he had from several French gentlemen to their friends, an opportunity of observing the country, he published his history of North America; a work which, though it contains many fabricated anecdotes of the English, and a false statement of their army, is not destitute of merit, and is certainly the best of his literary productions. Since the conclusion of the war he has paid two visits to England, but the impression his talents had made not being effaced, and meet

* Brissot admits of this fact; but he will not allow that he received this pension as a spy; he says, it was a sop thrown out to Cerberus, and given to him not to write against government. This, however, does not accord very well with the description of the old government, as it seems the custom prevailed, in that time, of rewarding libellers and seditious writers with a chamber in the Bastille.

ing with several of his acquaintance whose presence was troublesome to him, his stay here was very short. On his return to France, government suspecting him to act in the double capacity of spy against France as well as for it, furnished him with a lodging for a short time in the Bastille.

In the year 1788, the period of the disputes between the court and the parliament, and of the troubles in the assembly of the states of Brittany and Dauphiny, he was employed by Monsieur de Brienne, the then prime minister of France, to insinuate himself into the confidence of Monsieur Meunier, La Fayette, and several other gentlemen, supposed to be adverse to the projects of the minister. When in America he made himself a Quaker, and has ever since affected the simplicity of their manners and dress. Monsieur Voltaire, the apostle of the French, having bestowed great eulogiums on this sect, it is held in the highest veneration among them. Although in his incendiary writings, and inflammatory speeches, he recommends principles very opposite to the meekness of the Quakers; his assuming the title of one, served greatly to promote his popularity, which originated from the protection of La Fayette, whose friendship he first courted, and of whose downfall he was one of the most active instruments. He is the editor of the *Patriot Française*, the most virulent of

the Jacobin newspapers. Though not a member of the French academy, he has greatly enriched his mother tongue. The following words are at present quite in vogue: *Brissotter*, to pick a pocket; *un Brissoteur*, a pick-pocket; *Brissot mette ses gands*; i. e. when any one puts his hands in the pockets of his neighbour. Long versed in the arts of dissimulation and hypocrisy, experienced in intrigue and treachery, his qualities of this kind are not much inferior to those of his arch friend Petion; and if justice obliges us to give the palm to the latter, it is not without paying a due tribute to the merits of the former.

ROBES-

ROBESPIERRE.

*Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains.*

WHEN ministers have been impeached and branded as plunderers because they have acquired a fortune after toiling years in the public service; when the pensioners of the royal bounty have been justly, perhaps, represented as the locusts of the state, when the sovereign has been reduced to an eleemosynary existence; when private property has been invaded, on pretence to supply the exigencies of the nation, it cannot be impertinent or officious to investigate the private property of these public spirited and disinterested patriots. When we behold a man, who, but four years ago, when deputed to the National Assembly to serve his country with his talents and his virtues, was provided with a coat upon the occasion by an old benefactor; when we behold this man inhabiting a splendid hotel in the capital; when we see him rolling in glittering equipages, and revelling in banquets and entertainments, is it not fair to enquire into the sources of these riches, and to ask

if they are compatible with the rigid virtues of the republican? Come all ye who pant for dignities in the state, see them adorn the bloody brows of an assassin, and they will appear disgusting to you! Come, who bend at fortune's shrine, see her prostitute her treasures on a Robespierre, and you will learn to scorn her favours.

I have heard Monf. Robespierre often mentioned as the nephew of Damien who was executed in 1769, for an attempt on the life of Lewis XV. Though our republican would certainly be no disgrace to his pedigree, yet I cannot find that there is any ground for this report further than a similarity of dispositions. I have made researches, but have been not able to trace his genealogy. Who his parents were is yet a mystery, as he was a poor orphan at Arras, and received his education and livelihood from the bounty of his charitable bishop. He passed the first years of his life as the clerk of an obscure attorney, and earned a miserable existence in that line, until the meeting of the first National Assembly, when, by the influence of his benefactor the Bishop of Arras, he was returned deputy for that place. The intendant, or steward of the Bishop, supplied him with what was necessary for his equipment, and for the expences of his journey to Paris. This venerable prelate was assassinated on the 2d of September,

September, 1792, by the blood hounds of the grateful Robespierre. During the first national Assembly he distinguished himself by the virulence of his speeches, and the republicanism of his principles. After its dissolution he took the lead in the Jacobin club, and associated to himself the worthy Petion as his colleague; *par nobile fratrum!* During these last two years they have acted in strict unison, and concerted together the downfall of the monarchy, and all its attendant crimes which have disgraced the capital. Mons. Robespierre was president of the secret committee of Jacobins, in whose fruitful womb was conceived, the monstrous scheme of involving their distant colonies, and all Europe in their ruin; from whose savage den issued the emissaries of rebellion and atheism, who have laboured with an apostolic zeal to propagate their diabolical and destructive principles.

Who is there that has heard this modern republican encouraging his countrymen to feats of virtue, who does not admire the Roman dignity of his noble soul? Who is there, that when the report of recent massacres was made to the Club of Jacobins, heard him treat the tears of widows and orphans as criminal, and pronounce these ever-memorable words, *un peu de sang de plus ne fait pas de mal*, and who does not rank him as superior
even

even to a Sylla? So well established is his reputation at Paris, that all the privileged murderers are known by the appellation of *les chasseurs à la Robespierre*.

If, however, the cruelty of this man's character feels no diminution from a comparison with that of his late associate Mons. Pethion, yet he is far inferior to his noble compeer in the art of hypocrisy. He, with manly fortitude, headed his troops in scenes of bloodshed and plunder; the other remained concealed behind the curtain, but prompted with correctness and ability the sublime acts of tragic mischief. The one, however, who confronted danger claimed the greatest share of the profits, and the other contented himself with safety and moderate gains. But how brittle are human friendships, when even founded upon virtue! Brutus and Cassius had their quarrel, and these two modern republicans are, alas, divided! After the bloody 10th of August, these great men had a dispute upon the participation of the spoils (for Petion is not a perfect Joseph), and the breach has been considerably widened since the opening of the Convention. Mons. Robespierre is accused of aiming at the Dictatorship, and Mons. Petion, worthy man! abhors ambition. The horrors of the 10th of August, of the 2d of September 1792, enkindled so general an indignation,

tion, that the Jacobin apologists, not able to disavow, or (publicly at least) to approve of them, endeavoured to fasten the obloquy which these horrors reflected on the nation upon one or two individuals.——Monf. Robespierre, stained with the blood of the most virtuous citizens of the community, convicted of being the author of the most atrocious massacres, accused of being chief of a faction meditating a renewal of those bloody scenes, ascends the tribune of the National Convention, acknowledges the facts, glories in his exploits, and brands as traitors to the nation, those members who do not approve of the crimes committed on the *glorious* days of the 10th of August, and 2d of September.—Thus the National Convention, which has had the courage to bring their king to their bar, to hear most of their members demand his death, had not the courage or the power to pass sentence on a monster loaded with guilt.—The crimes of the capital remain then unpunished and cry for vengeance. It is needless to add, that Monf. Robespierre is one of the Mountain, and is loudly calling for the blood of his king to fall upon him and upon his children.

CONDOR.

CONDORCET.

Tria sunt quæ evertunt rempublicam, immaturum consilium, proprium commodum, & occultum odium.

HOW often has the sacred name of patriot been prostituted of late; every demagogue, who has enriched himself with the spoils of his fellow citizens, even the aristocrate who has sacrificed his pride to the gratification of secret animosity and private pique, has decorated himself with the glorious title. It behoves every one who feels the genuine flame to tear the mask from these hypocrites, and expose the falsity of their pretensions, as an *amende honorable* to the insulted Deity. Let us canvass the merits of this candidate, and judge from his actions, whether his patriotism was engendered by a true love of his country, or whether it is not the spurious offspring of the *occultum odium*.

Monseigneur Condorcet, before the abolition of titles, was distinguished by that of Marquis; and during the two first years of the revolution, he

took

took no active part, but was always considered as belonging to the aristocratic party. In June 1790, he sued for the place of governor to the Dauphin, but met with a refusal; from this epoch we are to date his patriotism. He made application to the Jacobins, to be enrolled as a member in their holy society; but the suspicion of aristocracy aspersed his character, and he was at first refused admittance into their sanctified temple. But what power has not female beauty? The charms of his wife pleaded for him with a Lameth, a Barnave, and other leading members; and the doors were opened to him at the prayers of this enchanting suitress. He was resolved to prove himself worthy of the favour, and has roused all his talents to disseminate their principles. He is the editor of a democratic print intitled, *la Chronique*. He was before the revolution Secretary to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and had aspired to literary fame, as author of the life of Monsieur de Voltaire, and some pamphlets of no special note. He is more celebrated for a retentive memory, than for splendid talents or profound learning. In his change of principles he has shewn justice, and has allowed to others that latitude of freedom in thought and action which he has himself adopted. When he was an aristocrate, he was distinguished by the jealousy of his temper, and was a noted Othello; but since he has become an advocate for

the Rights of Man, and an enemy to any exclusive privileges, he has left his Desdemona in the full enjoyment of all the Rights of Women.

He was with Brissot, Danton, and the other Jacobins in the Champ de Mars, in the famous month of July, during the last year. Though a firm friend to the system of equality, as far as it extends to divide the property of his neighbour, as he has not as yet totally shaken off his old prejudices, he has preferred lodging his share of the spoils in the aristocratic bank of England, to trusting them to the disposal of the mobocracy.

An insatiable thirst for gold, is indeed the most predominant passion in the breast of Mons. Condorcet. This metal would have made him a servant of the court's, it has made him a slave of the Jacobins. He has sacrificed loyalty, honour and conscience; he has sacrificed his king, his country and his God, to his worship for Mammon. In order to share the spoils of the crown, he united himself to and co-operated with the republicans, who seized upon and broke it. His exertions were so warm, that they totally erased all former suspicions, and were rewarded with a seat in the National Convention.

He has enlisted himself in the faction of Petion,
hypocrisy

hypocrisy being most congenial to his nature. He is the redactor of the famous apology published by the National Assembly, after the imprisonment of their king: a work replete with fallacy, and in which the reader discerns a defendant labouring with the consciousness of his guilt.

In the opinion which he gave on the fate of his unhappy monarch, appears still clearer the true sophist. "I do not vote! says he, for his death, because this is a judgment I never will pronounce; I do not vote for his imprisonment, because I do not find this punishment to exist in our code, but I vote that the Convention deliberate whether it shall suspend or accelerate his execution." Miserable subterfuge! you cannot vote for his death, nor for his imprisonment, and you have not the courage or the virtue to vote for his acquittal; nay, you wish the Convention to deliberate on the suspension or the acceleration of a sentence, to which you declared you could not give your assent. Do you think then, thou traitor, to screen yourself from your share of the horror which this iniquitous sentence has excited. No; you have employed every artifice, and all your powers to mislead an ignorant unthinking people, and if your sovereign falls a martyr to a sanguinary populace, you will appear covered with the blood of this royal victim. When we look into the Convention, and recognize in the

persons of its members, miscreants who were the outcasts of society, and heretofore only marked by their crimes, their atrocious deeds enkindle our indignation, but do not excite our surprise. But what are the feelings we experience, when we behold in the assembly of these monsters a man, the descendant of nobility, educated in the principles of honour and of religion, distinguished by the cultivation of polite arts, which soften and humanize mankind; known and once esteemed by his countrymen as the lover of literature, what are our sensations when we behold this man the associate of ruffians, and the rival of barbarians. The names of a Marat and a Robespierre, will only be remembered as obscure murderers, but that of Condorcet, pronounced at present by every virtuous man with execration, will descend to posterity, stamped with peculiar infamy, degraded in proportion as birth, education, and talents might have rendered it illustrious.

MONSIEUR

MONSIEUR MARAT.

This is a slight unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands : only fit to ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads.

HOW despicable is the tool of faction; I know a young senator in this country who might reap some useful lessons by an attention to the present situation of France. He might learn how dangerous, in the present moment of political fanaticism, are all experiments of reform; he might learn, from the hypocrisy and the art with which the levellers in France have accomplished their object, to mistrust certain designing men in this country; and while he only wishes to repair some breaches in our venerable mansion, not to lend his assistance to, and become the instrument of those who wish to shake its foundations; he may learn from the fate of many, who, with patriotic views, co-operated in the first revolution, with what caution he must tread the slippery heights of politics. I will not insult a young man of property, of character, of talents (though he has been taught to over-rate them by ill-intentioned flatterers), a young man of, I trust, pure intentions, by

com-

paring him with the scavenger of the French Revolution; but from this worm he may extract an example—with what ease ambitious politicians can sacrifice an associate, when it becomes necessary to their purposes.

The member of the National Convention who is the immediate object of the attention of my readers, and who in the first days of the meeting astonished the Assembly by the farcical pistol scene, was one of the most active instigators of rebellion, and the most zealous of Mons. Petion's accomplices. That hypocrite, at present, thinks to clear himself of all the odium of the massacres of August and September, by throwing the guilt on Mons. Marat; and, like Pilate, wishes to wash his hands of the bloody deeds.

I must beg leave to recal to the memory of Mons. Marat, a name which was once familiar to his ears; I mean that of Champion, which was the name he was known by during the first years of his life. Being accused, unjustly, no doubt, of being concerned in the great forgeries which were made of the billets d'Escompte, upon their first establishment by Mons. Necker, he adopted the name of Marat, and took refuge from his persecutors in England. He here obtained a livelihood by teaching the French language, and was employed in
that

that capacity in a school in London, and afterwards at Oxford. At the commencement of the French Revolution, he returned to Paris, and recommended himself to the notice of his countrymen, by writing a democratic paper, entitled, but miscalled, *l'Ami du Peuple*. From the tendency of its principles, it might with justice have assumed the name of *l'Ennemie du Genre Humain*. We may judge of the merits of this paper; when, during the reign of anarchy and revolt, the author of it was nine times *décreté de prise du Corps*. But the principles he distilled, were so flattering and pleasing to the people, that the power of the mobocracy shielded him against the just severity of the laws; and when in February 1790, the National Guards surrounded his house, to put the decree against him into execution, they were repelled by the Jacobin jannissaries. All the wild and inflammatory orations of Danton were embellished and published by his friend Marat. When Petion was elected Mayor of Paris, the audacity of Marat increased, from a security of protection; and though this consummate hypocrite now rejects him, it is well known, that Marat, during the bloody months, was Petion's most obsequious instrument. Every one knows how his precious life was exposed by a suspicion cast on his patriotism; but if, in his vindication, he had produced a rope instead of a pistol, it might have been ominous, and,

sus-

suspending himself, he might have exclaimed to his associates, *aspicite finem*.

His dress and his deportment are characteristic of the republican fanatic; and therefore, however odious, he does not inspire the same inexpressible detestation as Petion or Condorcet. Marat carries his extravagance to the very borders of insanity, and acting the murderer, he shews his naked dagger, and openly professes the character of one: Petion, equally an assassin, carries his weapon concealed, and, like Mark Anthony, while he preaches moderation, provokes sedition and bloodshed. However fatal the life of Marat has proved to many hundreds of his countrymen, however loathsome may be its history, yet it carries with it a moral which may be very useful in the present times. The conduct of this monster, since the opening of the convention, proves to every reflecting mind the impotency of popular governments, and contrasts most forcibly the happiness enjoyed under the mildness of monarchy, with the miseries engendered by republican anarchy. Search with the most diligent scrutiny the most exaggerated records of the Bastile, and the dungeons of tyranny; the number of victims who fell by the stroke of despotism during fourteen centuries, is not equal to what perished in the course of fourteen days, by the proscription of a single republican. The public
voice

voice alters its abhorrence of these scenes of horror; and the National Convention professes to punish the perpetrators of them: Marat appears, avows himself the chief author and chastisement hides its head. The capital convulsed, the Convention agitated by faction, all citizens weeping for the past and trembling for the future, point towards one man as the source of their evil and the object of their fear; and this man appears in public undismayed and even triumphant. During the reign of the most absolute tyrant, individuals, removed from the intrigues of court and unconnected with political cabals, enjoyed the comforts of domestic tranquility without apprehension. But the private station affords no shelter from the indiscriminating rage of republican cruelty. Every citizen partakes of the general panic, and lays his head on his pillow, uncertain that the morrow will not produce new scenes of plunder and of carnage.

After the view we have taken of Mons. Marat, after contemplating his exploits in the *glorious* days of August and September, it is unnecessary, no doubt, to inform my readers, that he is seated on the Mountain, alluded to in the character of Mons. Equality; and ambitious to soar above the character of a subaltern murderer, aspires to become a regicide.

DANTON.

DANTON.

*He was so very mean (meanness and pride
Still go together side by side)
That he would bow and cringe, be civil,
And hold a stirrup to the devil;
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount and ride behind.*

THE proners of a perfect equality, have sedulously endeavoured to represent the adversaries of their alarming and chimerical doctrines, as men of the most servile dispositions. This reproach may with equal justice be retorted on the courtiers of the mob. The mind truly elevated will scorn to flatter the vices and follies of princes, or to administer to the licentiousness, and feed the insatiable appetites of an unbridled people. Meanness is the companion of adulation; and we find it as strongly rooted in the breast of the interested demagogue, as in that of the sycophant of courts. The personage I am at present to introduce, is a strong evidence in support of this reflection.

The father of the late lord chancellor of France was a butcher, (the son has considerably refined on the

the profession) and by industry acquired sufficient fortune to enable young Danton to pursue the study of medicine. By the recommendation of the late unfortunate Princess de Lamballe*, he was appointed *Medecin extraordinaire des ecuries du Comte D'Artois*. He was always distinguished by his cringing to men in power, and in common with many of the libellers of the nobility and princes, he was indebted for his existence to their countenance and liberality. His professional talents did not promise to raise him either to opulence or celebrity; he had the misfortune of losing so many of his patients, that when any page or domestic of Comte D'Artois displeased him, he was accustomed to threaten him with the visit of Danton. He was so abject in his mode of paying his court, that he frequently used to caress and kiss the horses which he said had the happiness to be the favourites of the Comte and Countess D'Artois; and never did he hear their names pronounced, before the 20th of June 1789, without taking off his hat, as a token of his respect. These facts were so well known, as to have been proverbial at Versailles. When the
moment

* He acquired the protection of the Princess de Lamballe, by marrying the niece of one of her *femmes de chambre*. Many persons imagined that this unfortunate woman would have been rescued by the influence of this wretch. But the ferocity of a tyger is easier to be appeased than that of a human brute who is steeped in blood.

moment arrived that the Comte D'Artois could no longer serve him, like a true courtier, he abandoned his benefactor, and transferred his worship to the ruling mob. He is an inhabitant of the section des Cordeliers (according to the new geography section de Marseilles); and the people of this quarter being peculiarly distinguished by their ignorance, and the rudeness of their manners, he obtained eminence amongst them in August 1789, by the violence and sedition of his speeches. He is possessed of a fine voice and a clear delivery; and though his speeches are destitute of common sense, he never fails to attract the attention of the populace; as he flatters their passions, by inveighing against subordination, and exciting them to plunder. When any member in the Constituent Assembly pronounced with a good delivery an harangue, void of eloquence or logic, Mirabeau used to exclaim, *écoutez l'éloquence du Danton*,

In all the popular commotions which have for four years disgraced Paris, Danton was the most active instigator of the crimes perpetrated by the people, and pushed them on to pillage and murders. The Hotel de Castries, in October 1789, the Champ de Mars in July 1792, have been severally the theatres of his exertions, and bear ample testimony to the zeal and virtue of his patriotism. His labours procured him the esteem of the
members

members of the Club des Cordeliers, and they frequently conferred on him the honour of seating him in the president's chair. The Club des Cordeliers, though inferior to that of the Jacobins in art and abilities, if possible, ranks above it in the malice and wickedness of its principles. An extract from the speech he delivered to the people in the Champ de Mars, will give us some idea of his eloquence as an orator, and of his virtues as man.

“ We are twenty-five millions of Frenchmen, and consequently have fifty millions of hands, armed with swords and poniards; let us send six millions of men to Germany, three millions to Italy and Spain, three millions to Russia and the north of Europe; but before all things, to get money to pay our brothers and sisters going abroad, let us send four millions to England, to take possession of the bank of London. The nine millions of people remaining, are sufficient to cultivate the country and to destroy Louis XVI., his family, the National Assembly, and all other constituted authorities, as aristocratical. Let us do this, and in a year all Europe will acknowledge the sovereignty of the French nation. As to new laws, the French people know how to govern without them; and if occasion should present itself, when laws should be wanted, let the people make them on every different occasion,”

It

It was for this speech, that he was *décreté de prise du Corps*, in July 1791, and was obliged to conceal himself until the general amnesty which was passed on the King's acceptance of the Constitution, in September following; this speech however assured him the favour of the mob, and he was sent as one of their deputies to the National Convention, invested with the dignity of Chancellor of the Republic. In his new capacity of legislator he has spoken and acted with the same vehemence and fury as distinguished him when member of a factious club. He now hopes to be able to carry into practice the scheme he proposed; and indeed, if Europe does not awake from its lethargy, what lately we considered as the ravings of madness, may prove the inspiration of prophecy. On the conquests of the French, *on their restoring liberty* to Savoy, Mons. Danton thus expresses himself. "While
 " we give freedom to nations, we must not permit
 " any kings to exist, for their league may be still
 " dangerous to the liberties of man. Let us re-
 " member, that when the people sent us hither they
 " appointed us a grand committee of the general
 " insurrection of all people." After these sentiments we had little to expect from him in his character of judge, and his sentence, guilty, instant, death, is perfectly consistent with his principles and his conduct. What a picture have we before us of the nature and stability of human affairs: we
 behold

behold a man, whose opinion, five years back, was confined to decide upon the purchase of a horse; and whose opinion now influences the balance in which are poised the destinies of empires: we see before us a man, who, five years back, considered a frown from his master as his greatest misfortune, and who now arraigns his sovereign as a culprit, and condemns him to the block.

GORSAS.

Un sot se trouve quelquefois élevé à des dignités considérables; cela arrive lorsque la fortune veut badiner, et cette envie lui prend, assez souvent.

LEST any of my readers should imagine that, in relating the life of Mons. Gorsas, I have borrowed a chapter from *Le Sage*, it is necessary to remind them that I am writing of men who live in a country in which crimes constitute merit, and in which impiety and marked infamy are the strongest recommendations to honours and pre-eminence. Nature bestowed no signal marks of her favour on this child of fortune, and he, at first, seemed destined only to grace the lists of the executioner, and to descend to posterity in the history of the *Causes célèbres*. But the misapplied indulgence

gence of government preserved a life forfeited to society; and his regenerated countrymen have enrolled him amongst the other great luminaries of their republic.

The father of this virtuous legislator kept a day school at Versailles, and when arrived at the age of infirmity, he ceded the care and emoluments of it to this his elder son, upon condition of being decently maintained by him during his few remaining years. This unnatural son had not been three months in the place his father yielded him, before his ill usage of this aged parent became so notorious as to draw on him the reprimand of the police; but the warning of law is feeble in the mind, in which the feelings of nature are extinct. Very shortly after, during the time of dinner, young Gorsas gave his father a blow on the head with a bottle, which put a period to his existence. The parricide was tried, and condemned to expire on the wheel. The criminal had a brother who was groom to the Duke of Polignac, and by the intercession of this nobleman, the sentence of death was changed into a condemnation to the galleys for life. He remained in this situation until the year 1788, when the ambassadors from Tippoo Sultan passing through Toulouse, he found an opportunity to present them a petition, praying them to obtain his enlargement. Through their intercession he obtained his

leave

release, upon condition he did not approach within forty leagues of Versailles. When the Revolution of 1789 took place, he found honourable employment for his talents, and, considering the prohibition of government to be no longer of any weight, he arrived at Paris. The services of men of his description being necessary for the execution of the projects of Monf. Egalite and his faction, Gorfes assembled many of his old friends from the galleys, and constituted himself their chief. But notwithstanding the disorders which then prevailed, some appearance of justice was maintained, and the *sans culottes* had not arrived at sovereign sway. Two of his gang being executed in October, 1789, for having hanged a baker who had the aristocracy to refuse them his loaves gratis, Monf. Gorfes thought it prudent to abandon his honourable but dangerous command. To promote, however, as far as his abilities would permit him, the glorious cause he had espoused, and at the same time to procure himself a dinner, (for alas! the greatest men feel the infirmities of nature), he undertook to publish and distribute libels. Having, by a year's practice, become an accomplished writer, he favoured his country with his political lucubrations, by means of a news-paper, which he first published in February, 1790, under the title of *Le Courier des LXXXIII. Departements*, but better known by the name of *Le Journal Galerien*. This journal breathing the most rebellious principles, in a style the best

adapted to the understandings of the mobocrats, has caused greater mischief than any of the other incendiary publications. The flowers of rhetoric which he had culled in the galleys, charmed, as with a spell, the inhabitants of *la Halle* and of the *Palais Royal*.

In spite of all his merits, this illustrious character was not raised to the dignity of a Jacobin till within these few months. After having sufficiently qualified himself, as he thought, for this honour, he became a candidate for it last year. But though he proved that he possessed the requisite qualities for admission into this *enlightened society*, he was unaccountably rejected. A few months ago, he threatened to proscribe them in his journal, if they remained obstinate in their refusal of him, and yielding to his menaces, they dubbed him a *knight of the bloody order*.

We do not wish to withhold praise when it is due, and we must allow that in his day of greatness he did not forget his former situation. We record it therefore to his honor, that it was he who in last May threw Paris into a state of fermentation, by causing a subscription to be raised for the *Galeriens* of the *Chateauvieux* from Brest.

The Jacobins made his urnal the toefin of fedition and murder; and all the accusations which malice and rebellion forged againft the king, his minifters, his generals, and many of the members of the National Affembly, flowed through this corrupted channel. We read with horror of that fanguinary triumvirate, which, fitting in judgment on their fellow citizens, doomed to death every man who had difpleafed them. But what indignation riles in our bofoms when we behold a triumvirate of wretched journalifts, a Carra, a Marat, a Gorfaf, proſcribing; in their bloody tablets, and devoting to deſtruction every citizen of property, rank, or virtue! What will be the admiration of poſterity for this boafled republic, when it reads that a galley-flave has, with a ſtroke of his pen, figned the condemnation of thouſands of his country-men? And the monfter yet breathes—breathes did I fay! his blood-ftained brows are encircled with civic garlands; he is placed among the legiſlators of the nation, to dictate laws to his *regenerated* country!

History will not forget, that the ſentence for immediate execution was carried againſt the unfortunate Lewis by a majority of only eleven; and poſterity will judge of its juſtice when it learns, that independent of many members having given
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their votes under the influence of fear, this small majority was composed of such men as this illustrious galley-slave.

CARRA COGNOMINE NOTUS SERRURE.

*Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy stands candidate for praise.*

AM I then doomed to wade thro' the Augean stable, without one ray of virtue appearing to cheer me in my dreary course? Am I still to afflict my readers with the gloomy picture of crimes and infamy? Who in future times will believe that the Convention of a nation, the fame of whose grandeur and urbanity has, for fourteen centuries, filled the four corners of the world, was composed of men branded with indelible marks of turpitude, of men recalled from a shameful exile. But the Christian, who views events with the unclouded eye of faith, will acknowledge, in the fate of this unhappy country, the wrathful hand of Providence weighing upon a race, who, in the corruption and perverseness of their hearts, have ex-
claimed

claimed, *there is no God!* The Christian will behold, in the monsters who scourge and desolate France, the instruments of scourge of divine vengeance. While we contemplate with awe this terrible example, may we listen to its admonitions! From the wrecks of the throne let princes learn to confound impiety and irreligion, enemies of all government—and to rest their own security on the happiness and virtue of their subjects! From the dire calamities of anarchy, let the people learn to avoid civil strife, by a love of order and a due respect to the laws. Authority must exist somewhere, and generally, in times of confusion, it falls into bad hands. The reason is obvious, virtue, ever hateful to conspiracy, is persecuted; timid merit shrinks from scenes of bustle and commotion, while bold and desperate vice seizes with unhallowed hands upon the reins. I have already produced as witnesses, a Petion, a Brissot, a Robespierre, a Gorsas; in addition to their testimony, I have here another faithful evidence! Come forth, thou precious Son of Mischief!

Monf. Carra, Editor of *Les Annales Politiques, Jacobin* and member of the National Convention, was born at Macon in Burgundy, and received his education from the care of an uncle, a pious Jesuit. When he attained the age of eighteen, he felt him-

ſelf inſpired with the ideas of equality and of the Rights of Man, and in company with two couſins broke open the ſhop of a milliner, which he ſtript of money and of merchandize. But this was in the year 1758, when his principles were not ſo well underſtood, and being arreſted, and ſome of the goods found upon him, he was condemned to the gallows. Some perſons of rank, however, interfering, through conſideration to the character and virtue of his uncle, his ſentence was ſoftened to two years imprifonment, and at the expiration of the term to perpetual baniſhment. The author of a paper called *La Feuille du Jour* wiſhing to eternize the fame of his countryman; printed in February 1792, the *Procès Verbal* of this tranſaction, and our hero, with the modeſty of bluſhing merit, conſtrained to admit the fact, ſays, that he is not intitled to the praiſe beſtowed upon him, as he was only 16 and not 18, when he atchieved his firſt civic exploit. Homer diſtinguiſhes his heroes by ſome appropriate epithet, expreſſive of their talents and qualities; and the ſages and warriors of the Grecian republic were diſtinguiſhed by ſurnames; in France, therefore, where all hereditary titles are *juſtly* aboliſhed, and honourable diſtinctions conferred upon *virtue ſolely*: the countrymen of Monſ. Carra have honoured him with the appellation of *Carra Serrure*, in alluſion, no doubt, to his ſkill in picking of locks.

Monſ.

Monf. Serrure, exiled from France, chose Vienna as the place of his retreat. He obtained a livelihood for some years by teaching of languages, and attended a young Countess of Hardeck in that capacity. Happening, however, to take a liking to a gold watch belonging to his pupil, he made free to borrow it, but his fair scholar had the ill-nature, to demand it rather peremptorily, and he found it prudent to take a French leave of Vienna. Once more a free citizen of the world, he adopted Prussia for his country, and made Berlin the seat of his residence during the remainder of his exile. In this court he rendered himself useful, by acting as *clair-voyant*, (vulgarly called a spy) on the ambassadors from France and Vienna, and he received for these honourable services a salary to enable him to exist.

In 1789 he came to Paris, and from his conduct it has been imagined that he still felt the bounty of the Prussian Court. The jealousies which existed between that cabinet and the one of Austria are well known, and Monf. Serrure, on his first arrival at Paris, directed all his phillippics against the Queen of France and the House of Austria; and in all his speeches and writings endeavoured to persuade the National Assembly to make an alliance with Prussia, and to declare war against Austria in support of the Turks.

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He was early admitted a member of the Jacobin Club, and distinguished himself as an *enragé*. He was president of the club when Messrs. Watts and Cooper, the Manchester Ambassadors, came to present their homage; and when Serrure received their credentials, he did them the honour to fold them in his arms, and hail them with the *kiss of peace*.

I leave it to abler politicians than I pretend to be, to reconcile with the republicanism of this patriot, the proposition he made of tendering the Crown of France to the Duke of York. God forbid, that a Prince of the House of Brunswick should wear a diadem, which he does not lawfully inherit or hold, by (the most virtuous of all tenures) the free choice of a united people.

The present Monsr. Serrure made in August last to the National Assembly of a gold snuff-box, given to him by the King of Prussia, has excited much conversation. I have heard some admire the affability of the King of Prussia, in bestowing so signal a mark of his favour on a pensioned spy; others have considered the parting with it as indelicate, and the effect of revenge for a forfeited pension. I must beg leave to amend the errors a small mistake of Monsr. Serrure's has occasioned. This famous gold snuff-box was presented by the
King

King of Prussia to Mons. Montmorin upon the adjustment of the broils in Holland, and Mons. Montmorin had it in his pocket upon the 2d of August, the day he was assassinated at Paris. This fact I assert on the authority of a relation of Mons. Montmorin's, at present in England. In what manner Mons. Serrure came by it he best can tell; however his imagination, when sacrificing in a paroxysm of patriotism the spoils of royalty, may have betrayed him, his offering was well received, and he was rewarded with a seat in the Convention! He was employed by this Assembly as one of the commissioners sent to visit the armies; and has not therefore had an opportunity of taking an active part in its deliberations.—He however belongs to the Mountain, and by the vote he gave on the impious trial, he appears before the universe crimsoned with the blood of his sovereign.—

MONSIEUR CHABOT, CAPUCIN INDIGNE.*

D'un Prêtre de Math an est-ce là le langage?

WITH what malignity have the enemies of the altar exposed the weakneſſes, and heightened the follies of its miniſters; with what induſtry and art have the apoſtles of philoſophy and atheiſm reviled and ſtigmatized religion itſelf, on account of the exceſſes of ſome of its ſtrayed children. With what eloquence did theſe ſcandalized laymen, in the tranſports of holy zeal, deſcant on the diſorders of churchmen. But mark the ſincerity of their hearts, mark the purity of their views; ſee with what edification they have operated the reforms they ſo loudly called for. The biſhops and venerable prelates (the unanimity of whoſe profeſſion of faith would have added luſtre to happier

* A chanting child of St. Francis, having written to a nobleman for his protection, and ſigning himſelf in the ſtyle uſed by his brethren. Capucin Indigne received this laconic answer: "De quoi diable êtes vous digne, ſi vous n'êtes pas digne d'être Capucin?" Monſieur Chabot, has explained it to him, he is worthy to be a member of the French National Convention.

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days) were arbitrarily and illegally deposed; the pastors who remained attached to their faith, were suspended and driven from their charges, and their livelihood*; the churches were shut to all but jurors; the cloisters of virgins have been assailed; and the pious inhabitants of them stripped of their property, thrown helpless and abandoned on the surface of a strange and inhospitable world. Constancy, virtue, and piety, have been persecuted,

* These martyrs (whose constancy is admitted even by those who condemn their religious tenets) have been with as much cruelty as falsehood represented as seditious intriguers. It is very well known that they have preached submission to the constitution: that they willingly subscribed to the oath, as far as it implied their acquiescence to the temporal regulations; but was it sedition to refuse an oath, to pronounce which, their consciences dictated to them, would be perjury?

But why should I attempt their vindication, they have found an asylum among a people who consider facts, and are not fascinated by the sophistical declamations of a Brissot, or a Condorcet. The meekness, the humility, the virtue, of so many hundreds who cover this island speak eloquently for them, and reduce to silence all the glittering assertions of French orators. With what pride, with what exultation do I reflect on the conduct of my countrymen! They, disregarding all prejudices, all religious and political distinctions, have opened their bosoms to the afflicted and oppressed! Who does not feel himself ennobled by being an Englishman? May the philanthropy, the generosity of this country, draw on it the blessings of heaven, the enjoyment of peace and tranquillity!

immolated,

immolated, and banished; apostacy, perjury, and immorality, have been stimulated, rewarded, and crowned; a Rochefoucauld has been obliged to shelter hoary virtue in a foreign country, and a Chabot, adding sacrilegious perjury to a long catalogue of crimes, is seated in the august council of the nation.

The father of this Capucin was a baker, but not being in easy circumstances, a brother of his, an attorney, undertook to educate and settle in life the young Chabot. He was sent to a college belonging to the Jesuits, and, at the age of nineteen having completed his studies, his uncle, who had lately married a widow of 36, took him into his own house. No crime is repugnant to the heart callous to the impulse of gratitude; and young Chabot, to recompense the guardian of his youth, debauched his wife, and eloped with her to Bourdeaux. He had not been long in this city before he received the news that his ingratitude had sent his uncle and his benefactor to his grave. The happy couple, in order to conceal their criminal intercourse, returned by different roads to Paris; and the ingenious widow, in order to enjoy, unmolested, the company of her paramour, brought home a daughter she had by a former husband, and whom she said she destined to be the bride of Chabot,

bot. By this stratagem she hoped to enjoy the visits of her gallant, free from the prying eye of curiosity, and the sneering whisper of gossips. But, alas! how dangerous is temptation to the most virtuous; some are too strong for flesh and blood; and the ripening beauties of fifteen effaced, in the susceptible heart of our false Lothario, the mellow charms of thirty-six. That persuasive eloquence which had wheedled the mother, was employed to woo the too frail daughter; who, taught to consider Monsieur Chabot as her future husband, permitted him to anticipate his rights, and fled with him from her home. The widow, frantic with remorse, jealousy, love, and despair, put an end to her existence, leaving a letter apprising her unfortunate daughter of her melancholy history. The unhappy girl, struck with horror and repentance, flew from her betrayer, and taking the veil in a covenant of Carmelites, by the exercise of their rigid duties, expiated her criminal indiscretion. The tears of our inconstant were soon dried, and he met with consolation in the arms of another beauty. A Madame Droits having provided herself with 1500 louis d'ors, the property of her husband, left him to accompany Monsieur Chabot to Spain, which he imagined would offer him a more safe and tranquil retreat than he could meet with in his own country. The husband of this Cyprian votary

tary was in his 60th year, and had been induced, by real love, to tie the hymeneal knot, but the conduct of his dulcinea converted his passion into the opposite one of hatred; and, in order to marr her pleasures, and revenge himself, he offered a 1000 louis d'ors, as a reward, to any one who would find the means of bringing her home.

The amorous pair were at this time at Bilboa, and the captain of a vessel trading to Bourdeaux, knowing that Chabot had dissipated the loan his mistress had procured him, proposed to him to deliver her up as a means of recruiting his finances. Chabot approved of the scheme; and having previously written to France, it was agreed between him and the captain, that on the eve of the departure of the vessel, he should bring his frail fair on board, under pretence of dining there, and then abandon her. The cruel Chabot was punctual to his appointment; but, lo! during dinner, the vessel was set afloat, and Monsieur Chabot found himself outwitted by the captain. On their arrival at Bourdeaux Madame Droits was sent to ruminate on her follies in the gloom of a monastery; Monsieur Chabot was lodged in a prison, and the captain put the 1000 louis d'ors in his pocket. A capucin friar, who attended the prison in which Chabot was confined, endeavoured to soothe his mind, and draw it to a sense of religion. The
finer,

finner, weary of his prison, promised, in case he was released, to take holy orders in the convent of his comforter. The disciple of St. Francis having exerted himself with success, Chabot was enlarged, and entering into the humble cell of religion, he passed his term of probation, and became a religious of the order of St. Francis. He now appeared as a capucin until the year 1788, when throwing aside the coarse habit of religion, he assumed the paraphernalia of a soldier, and was appointed to the command of a company of National Guards. He had no opportunity of shining in his military capacity, for his good friend the Abbé Gregoire being appointed constitutional bishop of Blois, our Proteus re-assumed the ecclesiastical dress, and acted as chaplain to the venerable prelate. That great patriot (the Abbé Gregoire) at the close of the Constituent Assembly, wishing to continue to his country the benefit of his talents and instructions, had his worthy chaplain elected into the second National Assembly, who became the organ of his mild and peaceable doctrines. The abilities of this late minister of religion, were very serviceably employed in the establishment of the Jacobin monarchy.

On the 9th of August, he went from section to section, exciting the people to tumultuous assemblies; and, in the dead of night causing the alarum bell

bell to be rung, it was he who tolled the knell of royalty.

Immediately upon the opening of the National Convention, the demon of discord took his seat in the Assembly, and divided the gang into two parties, *les philosophes*, et *les voleurs*: (i. e. the philosophers and robbers) as properly expressed by *Monf. Peltier*, in his *Picture of Paris*. Our capucin, having an itching palm, inlisted himself under the banners of the latter: and not only did he participate in the plunder committed on his own countrymen, but many strangers, after the 10th of August desirous to fly from Paris, as from a second Sodom, purchased at a very high rate from this republican, passports to convey them from a land become the butchery of the human species. Let not the weak in faith be scandalized at seeing the minister of religion become one of the executioners of his king. When once a priest forgets the sacredness of his character, he becomes capable of every excess. The priests were the most active in immolating our Saviour, let us not then be surprised to hear a perjured priest, in the present day, join his voice with those who call for the blood of their sovereign to fall upon them and upon their children.

DUMOURIER.

OF all the heroes who have figured their hour on the stage of French politics, the present actor appears in a character the most incomprehensible, and the most difficult to develope. Rochambeau, Luckner, Fayette, the idols of the people, vanish in a moment from before us; and Dumourier stepping forward, the whole business of the drama seems concentrated in his single person.

Involved in difficulties apparently inextricable, surrounded by armies deemed invincible, he counteracts the best regulated plans, defeats the most formidable adversaries, and changes a war of defence into one of conquest. All Europe looks with astonishment on these events, events involved in a mystery, which no one has as yet been able to unravel. If it is asked whether Dumourier is really a great general, I think it may fairly be answered, that he hitherto possesses one of the chief

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requisites for that character, success, but that time must confirm or destroy his title. If it is asked whether he is a great man, we may answer, that he at least has had the abilities to impress his own nation, and a great part of Europe, with that idea of him. He enjoys a great reputation, and a reputation, whether good or bad, though it generally exceeds, yet it always imposes upon us more than the reality.—The historian will canvass his merits, and investigate the spring of his actions, and the causes of his success, as his biographer, I confine myself to the narration of facts, and must follow my hero to his present height through more humble stations.

If the cabinet of Versailles has been justly reproached for its constant and mischievous interference in the politics of all other courts, its superior talents for intrigue have been universally acknowledged. Independent of the representatives of the sovereign, great sums * were lavished for

* I am always ready to admit the abuses existing in courts, and would as readily concur to remedy them. But it will be of little avail if, saved from the fury of the lion, we become a prey to the wolf in sheep's skin: the same principles, therefore, by which I condemn the squandering of the public treasure in the support of spies, forces me to condemn even more highly that faction, which, seizing upon private property, has drained its country of all its specie to support, throughout all Europe, the agents of anarchy

the maintenance of persons of abilities and insinuating address, who were denominated *clair-voyants*. To the latter class Mons. Dumourier belonged; and as the term spy is bestowed on political agents, without any public or acknowledged character, however odious or impolite it may sound in the ears of the French warrior, historical veracity obliges me to apply it to him. He has been employed in that capacity in the several courts of Russia, Poland, Germany, Holland, and England. Maurepas was the minister who first noticed his talents in this line, and who brought them into action.

He presented him with the brevet of a captain of infantry, in order to facilitate his introduction at the different courts, it might be necessary to send him to. The first important business the captain was employed in, was the revolt of Pugatchief against the Empress of Russia. He was very active in fomenting this revolution, and encouraging with flattering promises its chief; but upon the conclusion of the war with the Turks, when Pu-

anarchy and rebellion. The same principle which leads me to oppose the encroachments of power, calls on me to endeavour to repel the rude attacks of faction. I hope never to be seduced by the glaring eloquence of a minister, nor to be misled by the false logic and intemperate fallies of a self-interested demagogue.

gatchief could no longer be of service to the interest of France, he was abandoned to his fate. At the beginning of the reign of the present King of Poland, and during the arrangement of the partition treaty, Monsieur Dumourier was allotted a considerable part, and promoted with ability the views of his court. In Poland he assumed various characters, and appeared in the different shapes of an abbé, a friar, and a pilgrim. During the peaceable years of 1777 and 1778, our spy resided in different courts of Germany, and lest his talents should grow blunt by inactivity, he kept a watchful eye on the persons employed by his court, many of whom were disgraced by the reports he made to the minister of their misconduct and inattention.

We remember, though without any sentiments of animosity or revenge, that in the year 1780, when England was sinking under the pressure of many calamities, when struggling abroad with combined nations, and distressed at home by a violent faction, and a weak unfortunate administration; in that unhappy time many French emissaries were employed in the capital, to work the completion of our ruin by means of intrigue and the distribution of money. Monsieur Dumourier was that year in London, under the name of L'Abbé Saint Foix, and was a persecuted clergyman, exiled

ited his home for having published a book intitled, *La Folie de la France d'assister des Rebelles*. I cannot tell what were his views, but certainly the cloth he then wore creates suspicion. As scenes of confusion and broils seem always to have attracted him, we find him, in the years 1785, 1786, and 1787 in Holland, busy in sowing the seeds of dissension, and adding fuel to rebellion. He was the confidential counsellor to the Rhengrave of Salm, commander in chief of the patriot forces; and it was, we may suppose, from that *renowned general*, that he has imbibed his military knowledge.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that Monsieur Dumourier was in Amsterdam on the 11th of October 1787, when the Duke of Brunswick entered that town; who having given orders to have him arrested, he was then very nigh becoming the Duke's prisoner.

At the termination of the dissensions in Holland, to reward him for his labour, and to afford him a place of retirement, Monsieur Dumourier was named by the minister, *Major de Place*, at Cherbourg. This employment was the height he arrived to in his military career. His turbulent mind could not long lay dormant; and, in the very commencement of the Revolution in his own country, he found full scope for his exertions; on
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the first institution of the society of Jacobins at Paris, they sent missionaries into all the towns through France, to form similar establishments, which were to correspond with the Committee at Paris, and to co-operate with it in the execution of their great designs. Monsieur Dumourier became the founder of the club at Cherbourg; and to recompense his zeal, the Jacobin interest had him named a Marechal de Camp. When the intrigues and clamours of the Jacobins threw all France into confusion, by a daily change of ministers, when in the month of last March the National Assembly sent Monsieur Delessart to the prison at Orleans; the unfortunate king, ever actuated by a wish of restoring tranquillity to his distracted country, selected his ministers from the Jacobin den, and Monsieur Dumourier was appointed minister for the foreign department.

By the advice of this council, Lewis declared war against his nephew, the present Emperor of Germany. I shall not pretend to discuss the justice or injustice, the policy or impolicy of this war; but my reader will permit me one remark, which is dictated to me by the wrongs of a persecuted king; and will, I hope, be found consonant to truth and reason. At the moment Lewis announced to the National Assembly his intention to declare war against the King of Hungary, this
 declaration

declaration was received with re-echoed applause, and Lewis was greeted with the title of King of the People. When the nation was plunged in the war itself solicited, when blood was spilt, then all tongues became clamorous with rebellion, and branded the unfortunate monarch as a traitor. Monsieur Dumourier, the adviser and instigator of this war, is crowned with civic honours, and raised to the chief command. His sovereign was loaded with chains and condemned to death, this war forming one of the articles of accusation, on which was built an impious trial.

War being declared, our hero quitted his post of minister to run the career of military glory.—Every event conspired to secure his exaltation. Rochambeau vainly imagined, that his white hairs would command respect and obedience. He soon was convinced, that his feeble mind and infirm body ill calculated him to be the leader of an undisciplined soldiery, and he felt himself happy to be able to slide with safety from the bustling scene. The French arms met, in every quarter and in every instance, with defeat and disgrace. A series of misfortunes threw the capital into a ferment, the faction of Jacobins seized the occasion, dragged their king from his throne, cast him into prison, and abolished royalty.—A critical instant now existed, which might have saved France.

Franc. A spark of loyalty seemed to rekindle in the minds of Frenchmen; there was a moment that the chiefs seemed actuated by the generous impulse, that the soldiers seemed to participate it; there was a moment that Frenchmen enjoyed the flattering hope of owing the delivery of their king and of themselves to their own countrymen.—but a stronger power seems to have decided on the fate of that devoted country. Luckner, possessed of neither firmness nor abilities for political manœuvres, could not hold against the national deputies, and Fayette having lost the opportunity he once enjoyed, flew into the arms of his enemies, to avoid the swords of his own countrymen. One Dillon, too honorable and too brave to exist among traitors and cowards, fell in the very first action, a victim to the ever brutal rage of poltroons.—A general of the same name, but of a very different nature, publicly protesting against the commissaries of the Convention, and on their appearance cringing to them with the most abject servility and submission, equally despised and mistrusted on both sides, sunk into that contempt with which he had long inspired those who were acquainted with him.—The steps being thus free, Mons. Dumourier, embracing the same views as the Convention, ascended to the top of the ladder. Here commences the brilliant part of his history, but a part of it which is as yet wonderful; and in the

the tracing of which we are bewildered with surmise and conjecture. Hemmed in without the possibility of escape, the combined armies to his front, and a river at his rear, he obtains a cessation of arms during ten days; he carries on negotiations during this time, and at the expiration of it the Duke of Brunswick orders a general retreat: this retreat, the consequence of which will probably be a general war, remains a paradox. The veneration I bear for the house of Brunswick, induces me to hope, that the reigning Duke of that name, will be able to clear himself to Europe and to posterity, of the greivous imputations with which he is at present loaded.—His character however is soiled with one spot, which I am afraid he never will be able to wipe off. I mean his cruel treatment of the French emigrants at Coblenz. Before the commencement of the campaign, he treated the Princes of France with flattering distinction, and the warmest protestations of friendship. After his negotiation with Mons. Dumourier, he behaved to them with pointed neglect, and their followers were insulted and plundered by his Prussian soldiers. After the fatal retreat, Dumourier advanced into the territories of his enemies. The Austrians, enfeebled by being obliged to divide their army into three different bodies, nevertheless made a most vigorous resistance at Gemappe.—On this day the destiny of

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Europe was balanced, but the superiority of number inclined the scales in favour of the French. Dumourier pushed on, his army flushed with success, and having obtained another victory at Halle, a town between Ghent and Bruxelles, he became master of the Austrian Flandres and Brabant. The Austrians were obliged to fall back as far as the Rhine, which they effected with good order and firmness. The whole country of Liege, and the most advantageous positions upon the Maese, were thus abandoned to the French. The inhabitants of Liege always manifested a predilection for the democratic principles; the victorious chief entered, of course, that city in triumph, was carried to the theatre amidst the acclamations of the populace, and the civic crown was placed on his head by the fair hands of our English Amazon, Lady Wallace. But amidst the splendor of these victories, justice reminds us, that a tribute of praise is due to the fortitude, activity and abilities of the Austrian commander, general Clairfayt.

However unfortunate, however disgraceful the event of the campaign has proved to the combined armies, and to their chief, yet the Austrian army, which acted in the Netherlands, has acquired immortal glory, and Clairfayt, unsuccessful, is covered with more lasting laurels, and more
well

well earned renown, than the victorious Agamemnon of France.

When we consider an army of 17,000 men retreating before an army of 50,000 thro' a country in which all the inhabitants had declared against them; when we see this small army retire with the most perfect regularity, with the most strict discipline, and, disputing every inch of ground with double loss to their enemies; we find no instance in history to assimilate to it, except the famous retreat of the 10,000 Grecians, and certainly Xenophon feels no disparagement by the comparison.

In proportion as a commander is successful, he acquires the favour and confidence of his soldiers, and in proportion to the favour and confidence which he enjoys, he becomes an object of fear and jealousy to the republic. Dumourier has experienced this truth, but possessed of superior talents for intrigue, he has escaped the snares laid for him, and will, in all probability, turn them to his advantage. Difficulties were thrown in his way by the ministers at home, his armies were ill supplied, his confidential secretaries were arrested; he comes to Paris, utters his complaints to the National Convention, and finds on them a pretext to resign his military command. Should this take place

place, he runs no risque of suffering, from a change of fortune, a dimunition of his glory, the lustre of which, at present, dazzles the nation.

Not being a member of the National Convention, he has not formally pronounced sentence on his king: but the counsellor of the war, which precipitated his monarch's fate, the friend of the Jacobin party, the soul of the faction of Equality, posterity will consider him as an accomplice of this atrocious murder. Tho' Mons. Dumourier *modestly* assures us that he has atchieved enough for his country and *for history*, yet many are inclined to imagine, that he has views on the former, and his own history appears at present so incomplete and ambiguous, that we must wait its catastrophe before we can pronounce with certainty on its merits.

MERLIN.

MERLIN

Though last, not least.

FEAR not, gentle Merlin, that any ignoble sentiment shall induce me to hide your merits from the world; fear not, that I shall permit your civic actions to be buried in oblivion. Seated in that illustrious senate, whose fame shall be celebrated in ages yet to come; the patriotic accuser of his father has a title to our peculiar veneration; and having had the honour of introducing the motion for the imprisonment and immediate trial of his Sovereign, he ranks high among

“The choice and master spirits of this age.”

Monf. Merlin was born at Thionville, and being destined for an ecclesiastic, he assumed and wore for some time, the dress of an Abbé. But his dispositions were very opposite to those necessary for a clerical state, and some youthful frolics having exposed him to the danger of being sent to a house of correction, he made a precipitate retreat from his father's mansion; and fled to Paris. Destitute of money and resources, he was reduced to
misery

misery, and to support himself, he entered in the capacity of an under usher in a school in the Fauxbourg of St. Antoine. He passed three years in obscure drudgery, but becoming weary of his situation, he endeavoured to work upon the goodness of his father, and solicited his permission to return to Thionville. The indulgent parent received his prodigal, and proposed to establish him, by marrying him to the only child of a wealthy citizen. Young Merlin consented, but the charms of the young lady's person not having the same influence upon his heart as those of her portion, he wished to enjoy the one free from all incumbrance, and the eve of the day appointed for the wedding, he disappeared with his bride's dower, leaving the forlorn maiden to weep over his treachery, and his father to refund 30,000 livres. He now made his appearance at the German Spa; and, flushed with cash, was a welcome visitor to the dealers of Faro. He had lately deceived a fair virgin, and Fortune, to revenge insulted Hymen, completely jilted him in his courtship to her. In a few weeks all his louis d'ors sunk in the vortex of Faro. He was lodged at Spa, at the hotel *du Laup*, known to many of my countrymen, for the goodness of its cook, the civility of its hostess, and the charms of her fair daughters. The chamber next to his, was inhabited by a Holland lady, Madame la Baronne de Van der Berg, and Mons. Merlin thought that

Dutch

Dutch ducats might prove very good substitutes for French livres. One morning, therefore, when the Baronness had gone to dine at Chaud Fontaine, about twenty miles from Spa, he broke open the door of her apartment, and paid a visit to her strong box, which was not as well furnished as he expected. Sixty pitiful louis d'ors were all the contents; he, however, had too much humility to despise them, and pocketing his disappointment, he borrowed a horse in order to take a short ride, but changing his mind, he extended it to France.

He first went to Nancy, where not meeting with the owner of the horse, he sold it; his stay at Nancy was but short, and he paid a second visit to the great and gay capital. His slender finances were soon exhausted by riot and dissipation, and reduced once more into the abyss of want, he looked with a longing eye to the peaceable dwelling of his father. The feelings of the parent were awakened by the tears of distress; and he restored his affection to young Merlin, on condition of his espousing the lady he had before proposed for him, who having the good nature to forgive his former conduct, the nuptials were immediately celebrated. He passed some years without affording to the biographer any act of notoriety; nor did he appear on the political stage until the second National Assembly, to which he was returned a member. The Jacobin

Jacobin club discovered his merits, and placed him among the *elect*; and he has worked with zeal and assiduity to promote their schemes. It would require the eloquence of a Gibbon, to render justice to his patriotism; I ought to borrow the animated pen of a Robinson, to record the heroic virtue which he displayed in November 1791, when deaf to every feeling but that of patriotism, he denounced, as a Feuillant, his aged parent, whose indulgence and mercy he had so often experienced, and made a motion for his accusation. The National Assembly, listening, we suppose, to vulgar prejudices, refused to pass the decree; but the Jacobins singled out this pious son, as a person the best qualified to open the bloody business they wished to execute. He acquitted himself with fidelity of the task entrusted to him, and on the opening of the Convention, he moved for the immediate trial of his sovereign. During the process of this iniquitous transaction, he was absent from the scene: but unwilling to forfeit his share of the glory of it, he communicated his opinion to the Convention in writing, pronouncing for instant execution, and declaring that he shall no longer reside in the republic, if the king is permitted to live. Thus his sentence is written in bloody characters, and when others shall be forgotten in the lists of parricides and regicides, the name of Merlin shall be enrolled with distinguished honour.

Semper bonos, non enim tuum, laudesque manebunt.

*Flower of the nation***CONCLUSION.***— This Lewis*

*Had born his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tong'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking off —*

SINCE I finished the above sketches, I received the account that the barbarous act, which my heart long forboded, was consummated. Acquainted with the characters of the judges of Lewis, I could feel no surprise to hear they were become his executioners; appreciating fully their merits, my detestation for them could not be augmented. I have drawn these assassins in black, because I have drawn them in their true colours: but however disgusting the exhibition may be to humane minds, these pictures may be attended to with profit, and impart instructions to promote the general well-being of society. I may, in this place, very aptly repeat the words of Montesquieu, after his survey of the tyrants of Rome, “ *C'est ici qu'il faut se donner le spectacle des choses humaines.* ”—Yes, here indeed, we have a spectacle worthy of contempla-

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tion. What ! France (an instance unexampled in history) preserved for fourteen centuries its monarchy unshaken, amidst the convulsion of revolutions ; its religion pure and unsullied, amidst the devastations of heresy, to sink at last into anarchy and atheism ? France, renowned by its heroism, illustrated by its virtues, adorned by learning and the *belles lettres*, is now degraded by its cruelty, polluted by its crimes, disfigured by barbarism and ignorance. The land of a Condé, a Vendôme, a Bossuet, a Fenelon, a Corneille, a Racine, is now governed by an Egalité, a Dumourier, a Chabot, a Fauchet, a Robespierre, a Marat. France, once the seat of polished urbanity, and of social enjoyment, now offers to our view an epitome of human depravity, and of human misery. And ye, oh deluded Frenchmen ! you have plunged your country into mourning and desolation, you have imbrued your hands in the blood of your fellow citizens, and of the most virtuous of your brethren, to satiate the avarice, and gratify the ambition of a few monsters. You have immolated the ministers of your religion, and a once justly beloved king, to establish the empire of a tyrannical faction. You have refused to receive the law from a mild and beneficent master, to wear the shackles forged by arbitrary and cruel despots. You have shaken off the honourable and easy yoke, imposed by your own loyalty, to groan in the base and grinding

grinding servitude inflicted by murderous usurpers.

Oh! Lewis, enlarged from your imprisonment, liberated from your sufferings, I cease to mourn on your fate, I weep on the lot of your unhappy kingdom, I weep over the calamities which oppress its children. The memory of your moral and patriotic virtues on a throne, of your christian resignation in a prison, of your more than human fortitude on the scaffold, has erected in every breast a monument of love, of pity, and of admiration. A life spent in piety and justice, and terminating in martyrdom, insures you a never-fading crown, in a happy and glorious immortality! But where can your rebellious subjects seek for an asylum upon earth? what consolation can they expect from heaven? all social unity destroyed, domestic discord cumber every part of the unhappy land, while Europe points against every quarter of it, the sword of vengeance. What saviour shall it enyoke,

*Quem vocet divum populus ruentis
Imperiis?*

Alas! it has no God left to invoke, for it has in its madness planted its thunder against the almighty. Ye faithful and virtuous Frenchmen who still survive,

survive, do not then sully with your tears the tomb
of your monarch, but lift up your hands and im-
plore the intercession of your saint and martyr.
Ye happy few, who still feel the love of justice,
and the fear of God, hasten to quite a soil, wet
with the blood of your sovereign; banish your-
selves from a country, *which is no longer your mother,*
but your grave: surrounded by profligacy and im-
piety, noted by murderers and atheists, your only
hope of safety is in your flight.

Phocdorum

Veluti profugit execrata civitas.

Agros, atque lares patrios, habitandaque fana

Apris liquit, et rapacibus lupis

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